

Cecily. I suppose so. But it seems very unfair. And was your novel ever published?
bliss Prism. Alas! no. The manuscript unfortunately was abandoned. [*Cecily starts.*] I use the word in the sense of lost or mislaid. To your work, child; these speculations are profitless.

Cecily. [*Smiling.*] But I see dear Mr. Chasuble coining up through the garden.

Miss Prism. [*Rising and advancing.*] Dr. Chasuble! This is indeed a pleasure.

Enter Canon Chasuble.

Chasuble. And how are we this morning? Miss Prism, are, I trust, well? you

Cecily. Miss Prism has just been complaining of a slight ache. I think it would do her so much good to have a short stroll with you in the Park, Dr. Chasuble.

Miss Prism. Cecily, I have not mentioned anything about a headache.

Cecily. No, dear Miss Prism, I know that, but I felt instinctively that you had a headache. Indeed I was thinking about that, and not about my German lesson, when the Rector came in.

Chasuble. I hope, Cecily, you are not inattentive.

Cecily. Oh, I am afraid I am.

Chasuble. That is strange. Were I fortunate enough to be Miss Prism's pupil, I would hang upon her lips.

Prism glares. [*Miss*] I spoke metaphorically.—My metaphor was drawn from bees. Ahem! Mr. Worthing, I suppose, has not returned from town yet?

Miss Prism. We do not expect him till Monday afternoon.

Chasuble. Ah yes, he usually likes to spend his Sunday in London. He is not one of those whose sole aim is enjoyment, as, by all accounts, that unfortunate young man his brother seems to be. But I must not disturb her pupil any longer.

Miss Prism. Egeria? My name is Laetitia, Doctor.

Chasuble. [*Bowing.*] A classical allusion merely, drawn from the Pagan authors. I shall see you both no doubt at Evensong?

Miss Prism. I think, dear Doctor, I will have a stroll with you. I find I have a headache after all, and a walk might do it good.

Chasuble. With pleasure, Miss Prism, with pleasure. We might go as far as the schools and back.